

A Mother's Struggle

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Summary: A young mother reflects on her life.

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DISCLAIMER: This is based upon Star Wars, blah, blah, blah. Come on, people, this is pretty self-explanatory. I mean, if I had come up with this stuff I'd be a whole lot richer.

A Mother's Struggle

Alexia woke up in the middle of the night to screaming. In something of a daze, she crawled out of bed and walked into the neighboring room. She bent over her son's crib. "Hush, darling, don't cry," she cooed as she picked up her son.

Her husband walked into the room. "What's going on?" he yawned, blinking sleepily.

"He couldn't sleep again," she replied, rocking her son back and forth. Her efforts were finally rewarded; his wails slowly diminished to whimpers until finally all was silent.

Brent shuffled sleepily back to bed, calling over his shoulder, "Well, maybe we can get a little sleep before the little guy starts up again." He paused in the doorway. "Are you coming back to bed?"

Alexia shook her head. "I'll be there in a minute."

Brent shrugged. Although he had a wife and son, in many ways he was still young and childish. At 21 years of age, he had only been married for a year and a father for four months. "Okay, see you in the morning," he called as he prepared to go back to sleep.

Alexia turned her attention towards her son. The boy now lay peacefully in her arms, staring up at her with his big blue-green eyes. She ran her hand over the thin layer of brown fuzz that covered

his head. "You're growing up so quickly," she whispered to him. "Pretty soon you'll grow up and leave me. But you'll always be my firstborn, and I'll always love you."

He stared up at her as if he understood. He had such a knowing look about him, as if he was far wiser than any four-month-old baby could possibly be. She decided that it must have been his eyes. Their blue-green depths seemed to be alive with hidden intelligence.

Perhaps he knew how much she was going to miss him when he left. She had cried so much when she had heard of his test results. Although Brent had appeared ecstatic (as had she), deep down inside she had felt her stomach wrench in anguish. His high Midi-chlorian count indicated his Jedi potential. Brent was thrilled with his son's abilities, but all she could think of was giving up her son. The Jedi Master with whom they had spoken had said that he could not go to the Jedi Temple for training until he was five years old. Five! How could they expect any mother to give up her son when he was only five!

Sometimes, although she rarely admitted this to anyone, even herself, she doubted that her son could ever be a Jedi. He was such a pale, fragile child. She knew it wasn't anyone's fault--he had been born two months earlier, underweight and sickly.

She could still remember vividly the day he had been born. She had awoken in the middle of the night with a severe cramp in her stomach, sure that the baby was dead. She had shaken Brent awake, and he had taken her to the hospital where the doctors had removed a tiny baby boy. To everyone's surprise, the baby was not dead. Although when he had been born he had been blue from lack of oxygen, the doctors had been successful in pulling him from the brink of death. She knew that Brent, although he deeply loved his son, had been slightly disappointed by his son's sickly condition. (He had been ill almost non-stop for the first three months of his life and only now seemed to be doing better.) Brent had always been strong and healthy, and he had been shocked that his son would be so frail and weak.

"Oh, he loves you, darling," she told her son. "He's just sad that you're sick all the time. Poor little baby. I'm sorry that you're always wheezing or coughing or sneezing or...well, a million other things." She sighed, her voice shaking as though on the brink of tears. "Sometimes I just don't know what to do," she confided. "Sometimes I wonder what I'm doing, like I'm just a little girl playing house."

Her son stared up at her, his wide-eyed stare unflinching. He looked so calm and innocent. She envied him.

"And then I found out that someday I'll have to say good-bye to you," she whispered. "I mean, I want this for you. I want you to be able to see other worlds and meet people from all over the galaxy. I always dreamed of those things. I wanted to leave this place! I was sick of living on this oasis, surrounded by a dry, desolate desert! But then I met your father, and we had you. I want everything for you that I could never have. I just..." She sniffled slightly. "I just don't want to have to lose you!"

Again that unwavering stare. He looked so trusting and peaceful,

although his brow was slightly furrowed as if trying to determine what was making his mother so unhappy.

She wiped away her tears. "But all that isn't for a long time," she said, not sure if she was comforting him or herself. "So there's no point in worrying about it right now."

Suddenly, rain began to fall. The boy arched his back and stared up at the falling rain, his eyes shining with wonderment at the tiny droplets. Rain hardly ever fell there. There was enough moisture for life to flourish in the oasis, but they were supplied with water primarily from underground reservoirs. With a start, Alexia realized that her son had never before seen rain.

It only took a moment for her to decide what to do. She picked him up and carried him outside into the rain. The weather, normally stifling hot in the summer, had cooled considerably from the storm. Rain showered down upon them, drenching them from head to toe. Her son laughed, his eyes shining brightly. Alexia too laughed. She felt an enormous burden lift from her shoulders. All of her worries about herself, her family, and her future lifted away in one fell swoop as she stood under a summer's rain with her son.

She had no idea how long they stood there, drenched to the skin, laughing in the rain. She twirled him in the air and was rewarded by his bright smile and his innocent, joyful laughter.

All too soon the rain ended. The final drops fell from the sky. She didn't even realize that the shower was over until her son stared up at the stars. He had always been fascinated by the bright twinkles in the sky, gazing up at them for hours on end.

She brought him close to her and kissed his little forehead. Then she held him so that they could both see the sky.

"Someday, Obi-Wan," she said, with a sweep of her hand, "all of this will be yours."

End
file.